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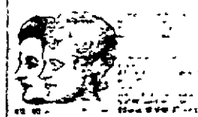

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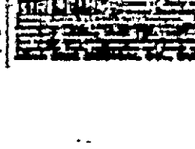

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PHOTOGRAPHY

AT HOME FREE

THE VALDEZ SAPPHIRE.

Guided by some mysterious instinct I hurried to meet him. I opened the conservatory door, and in he rushed, like a hunted rabbit. Without explanation I led him up the side staircase to my room, where he dropped into a chair and wiped his face.

"You are astonished, Mr Acton," he panted. "I will explain directly. Thanks." He tossed off the glass of brandy I had poured out without waiting for the qualifying soda, and looked better.

"I am in serious trouble. You can help me. I've had a shock today—a grievous shock." He stopped and tried to pull himself together. "I must trust you implicitly Mr Acton. I have no choice. Tell me what you think of this." He drew a case from his breast pocket and opened it. "I promised you should see the Valdez sapphire. Look there!"

The Valdez sapphire! A great, big, shining lump of blue crystal—flawless and of perfect color—that was all I took it up, breathed on it, drew out my magnifier looked at it in one light and another. What was wrong with it? I could not say. Nine experts out of ten would undoubtedly have pronounced the stone genuine. By virtue of some mysterious instinct that has hitherto always guided me aright was the unlucky tenth. I looked at the bishop. His eyes met mine. There was no need of spoken word between us.

Has Lady Carwitchet shown you her sapphire?" was his next unexpected question. She has! Now Mr Acton on your honor as a connoisseur and a gentleman what is of the two is the Valdez?"

Not this one." I can I say naught else.

You were my last hope." He broke off and dropped his face on his folded arms with a groan that shook the table on which he rested while I stood dismayed at myself for having let so hasty a judgment escape me. He lifted a ghastly countenance to me. She vowed she would see me ruined and disgraced if I made her my enemy by exposing some of her schemes once, and I at once for gives. She will keep her word. I shall appear before the world as a fraud in the trustee. I can neither produce the valuable confided to my charge nor make the loss good. I have only one to tell—" he dropped his head and groaned again. "Who will believe me?"

I will, for one."

Ah your love you know her. She took my wife from me Mr Acton. Heaven only knows what the hold was that she had over Mona. She was courageous enough to resist me at first, but ever ready to leave me. She was unanswerable for as the scandal must be, at any extravagance of price I could in Paris square me the feelings of the story. She left her at last under some solemn vow, and for a year I heard nothing of her. Then I received my wife's dying message, a whole set. Then you have only to put those Bohemian glass vases and candelabra on the table and let your gardener do his worst with his great forced, scentless, vulgar blooms and we shall all be in keeping." Leta pointed. An idea struck me. "Or I'd do as you wish, on one condition. You get Lady Carwitchet to wear her big sapphire and don't tell her which it is."

I lived through the next few days as one in some evil dream. The sapphires, like twin specters haunted me day and night. Was ever man so tantalized? To hold it like a shadow and see the substance dangle temptingly within my reach. The bishop made no sign of ridding me of my unwelcome charge, and the thought of what might happen in case of a burglary—a fire—an earthquake—made my start and tremble at all sorts of inopportune moments.

I kept faith with Leta and reluctantly produced my beautiful rubies on the night of her dinner party. Emerging from my room I came full upon Lady Carwitchet in the corridor. She was dressed for dinner and at her throat I caught the blue gleam of the great sapphire. Leta had kept faith with me. I don't know what I stammered in reply to her full-length gibing remarks, my whole soul was absorbed in the contemplation of the unbelievable loveliness of the gem. That a Palais Royal deception!" hissed the bishop. My fingers twitched, my breath came short and fierce with the lust of possession. She must have seen the covetous glance in my eyes. A look of gratified equanimity overspread her features, as she swept on ahead and descended the stairs before me. I followed her to the drawing room door. She stopped suddenly, and murmuring something unintelligible, hurried back again.

Everybody was assembled there that I expected to see, with an addition. Not a welcome one, by the look on Tom's face. He stood on the hearthrug conversing with a great, hulking high shouldered fellow, sallow faced, with a heavy mustache and drooping eyelids from the corners of which flashed out a sudden suspicious look as I approached, which lighted up into a greedy one as it rested on my rubies, and seemed quite comfortably familiar to me, till Lady Carwitchet, tripping past me, exclaimed—

"He has come at last! My naughty, naughty boy! Mr Acton, this is my son, Lord Carwitchet."

I broke off short in the midst of my polite acknowledgments to stare blankly at her. The sapphire was gone! A great gilt cross, with a Scotch pebble like an acid drop, was her sole decoration.

"I had to put my pendant away," she explained confidentially; "the clasp had got broken somehow." I didn't believe a word.

Lord Carwitchet contributed little to the general entertainment at dinner, but fell into confidential talk with Mrs. Dubcrly Parker. I caught a few unintelligible remarks across the table. They referred, I subsequently discovered, to the lady's little book on Northchurch trees, and I recollected that the spring meeting was on, and tomorrow "Cup Day." After dinner there was great talk about getting up a party to go on General Fairford's drag. Lady Carwitchet was in ecstacies and tried to coax me into joining. Leta declined positively. Tom accepted calbily.

The look in Lord Carwitchet's eye returned to my mind as I locked up my rubies that night. It made him look so like his mother. I went round my fastenings with unusual care. Safe and closets and desks and doors, I tried them all. Coming at length to the bathroom, it opened at once. It was the housemaid's doing. She had evidently taken advantage of my having abandoned the room to give it "a thorough spring cleaning," and I anathematized her. The furniture was all piled together and veiled with sheets, the carpet and felt curtains were gone, there were new brooms about. As I peered around, a voice close at my ear made me jump. Lady Carwitchet's!

"I tell you I have nothing, not a penny. I shall have to borrow my train fare before I can leave this. They'll be glad enough to lend it."

Not only had the portiere been removed, but the door behind it had been unlocked and left open for convenience of dusting behind the wardrobe. I might as well have been in the bedroom.

"Don't tell me," I recognized Carwitchet's growl. "You've not been here all this time for nothing. You've been collecting for a Kilburn rot or getting subscriptions for the distressed Irish landlords. I know you. Now, I'm not going to see myself ruined for the want of a paltry hundred or so.

I tell you the colt is a dead certainty. If I could have got a thousand or two on him last week we might have ended our dog days millionaires. Hand over what you can. You've money's worth, if not money. Where's that sapphire you stole?"

"I didn't. I can show you the receipted bill. All I possess is honestly come by. What could you do with it, even if I gave it you! You couldn't sell it as the Valdez, and you can't get it cut up as you might if it were real."

"If it's only bogus, why are you always in such a flutter about it? I'll do something with it, never fear. Hand over."

"I can't. I haven't got it. I had to raise something on it before I left town."

"Will you swear it's not in that wardrobe? I dare say you will. I mean to see. Give me those keys."

I heard a struggle and a jingle, then the wardrobe door must have been flung open, for a streak of light struck through a crack in the wood of the back. Creeping close and peeping through I could see an awful sight. Lady Carwitchet in a flannel wrapper, unpins hair, teeth, complexion, pointing a skinny forefinger that quivered with rage at her son, who was out of range of my vision.

"Stop that, and throw those keys down here directly, or I'll rouse the house. Sir Thomas is a magistrate, and will lock you up as soon as look at you." She clutched at the bell rope as she spoke. "I'll swear I'm in danger of my life from you and give you in charge. Yes, and when you're in prison I'll keep you there till you die. I've often thought I'd do it. How about the hotel robberies last summer at Cowes, eh? Mightn't the police be grateful for a hint or two? And how about"——

The keys fell with a crash on the bed, accompanied by some bad language in an apologetic tone, and the door slammed to. I crept trembling to bed.

This new and horrible complication of the situation filled me with dismayed glance at my rubies. They were safe enough, I believed—but the sapphire? If he disbelieved his mother, how long would she be able to keep it from his clutches? This also had some plot of her own, of which the bishop would eventually be the victim, I did not doubt, or why had she not made her bargain with him long ago? But supposing she took fright, lost her head altogether, and tried to wrest the jewel from her or gave consent to its being mutilated, divided! I lay in a cold perspiration till morning.

My terrors haunted me all day. They were with me at breakfast time, when Lady Carwitchet, tripping in smiling, made a last attempt to induce me to accompany her and keep her "Bad, bad boy!" from getting among those horrid betting men!

They haunted me through the long peaceful day with Leta and the tete-a-tete dinner, but they scarcely warned around and left me no space when, sitting alone over my sitting room fire, I listened for the return of the drag party. I read my newspaper and brewed myself some hot strong drink, but there came a time of night when no fire can warm and no drink can cheer. The bishop's despairing face kept me company, and his troubles and the wrongs of the future took possession of me. Then the uncanny noises that make all old houses ghostly during the small hours began to make themselves heard. Muffled footsteps trod the corridor, stopping to listen at every door, door latches gently clicked, boards creaked unreasonably, sounds of stealthy movements came from the locked up bedroom.

The welcome crash of wheels at last and the sound of the front door bell. I could hear Lady Carwitchet making her shrill adieus to her friends and her steps in the corridor. She was softly humming a little song as she approached. I heard her unlock her bedroom door before entering—an odd thing to do. Tom came sleepily stumbling to his room later. I put my head out. "Where is Lord Carwitchet?"

Haven't you seen him? He left us hours ago. Not come home, eh? Well, he's welcome to stay away. I don't want to see more of him." Tom's brow was dark and his voice surly. "I gave him to understand as much." Whatever had happened Tom was evidently too disgusted to explain just then.

I went back to my fire unaccountably relieved, and brewed myself another and a stronger brew. It warmed me this time, but excited me foolishly. There must be some way out of the difficulty. I felt now as if I could almost see it if I gave my mind to it. Why—suppose—there might be no difficulty after all! The bishop was a nervous old gentleman. He might have been mistaken all through. Regnert might have been mistaken. I might— No. I could not have been mistaken—or I thought not. I fidgeted and fumed and argued with myself till I found I should have no peace of mind without a look at the stone in my possession, and I actually went to the safe and took the case out.

The sapphire certainly looked different by lamplight. I sat and looked at it, and but overpersuaded by better judgment into giving it a verdict. Regnert's mark—I suddenly remembered it. I took my magnifier and held the pendant to the light. There, scratched upon the stone, was the Greek Beta!

There came a tap on my door, and before I could answer the door handle turned softly and Lord Carwitchet stood before me. I whipped the case into my dressing gown pocket and stared at him. He was not pleasant to look at, especially at that time of night. He had a disheveled, desperate air, his voice was hoarse, his red rimmed eyes wild.

"I beg your pardon," he began civilly enough. "I saw your light burning, and thought, as we go by the early train tomorrow, you might allow me to consult you now on a little business of my mother's." His eyes roved about the room. Was he trying to find the whereabouts of my safe? "You know a lot about precious stones, don't you?"

"So my friends are kind enough to say. Won't you sit down? I have unluckily little chance of indulging the taste on my own account," was my cautious reply.

"But you've written a book about them, and know them when you see them, don't you?" Now, my mother has given me something, and would like you to give a guess at its value. Perhaps you can put me in the way of disposing of it?"

"I certainly can do so if it is worth anything. Is that it?" I was in a fever of excitement, for I guessed what was clutched in his palm. He held out to me the Valdez sapphire.

How it shone and sparkled, like a great blue star. I made myself smile a deprecating smile as I took it from him, but how dare I call it false to its face? As well assume the sun in heaven or being a cheap imitation. I faltered and prevaricated feebly. Where was my moral courage, and where was the good, honest, thumping lie that should have aided me? "I have the best authority for recognizing this as a very good copy of a famous stone in the possession of the bishop of Northchurch." His scowl grew so black that I saw he believed me, and went on more cheerily: "This was manufactured by Johannes Bogaert—I can give you his address and you can make inquiries yourself—by special permission of the then owner, the late Leone Montanaro."

"Hand it back!" he interrupted (his other remarks were outrageous, but satisfactory to hear); but I waved him off. I couldn't give it up. It fascinated me. I toyed with it, I caressed it. I made it display its different tones of color. I must see the two stones together. I must see it outshine its paltry rival. It was a whimsical frenzy that had seized me—I can call it by no other name.

"Would you like to see the original? Curiously enough, I have it here. The bishop has left it in my charge."

The wolfish light flamed up in Carwitchet's eyes as I drew forth the case. He laid the Valdez down on a sheet of paper, and I placed the other, still in its case, beside it. In that moment they looked identical, except for the little loop of sham stones, replaced by a plain gold band in the bishop's jewel. Carwitchet leaned across the table eagerly; the table gave a lurch, the lamp tottered, crashed over and we were left in semi-darkness.

"Don't stir!" Carwitchet shouted. "The paraffin is all over the place!" He seized my sofa blanket and flung it over the table, while I stood helpless. "There, that's safe now. Have you any candles on the chimney piece? I've got matches."

He looked very white and excited as he lit up. "Might have been an awkward job with all that burning paraffin running about," he said quite pleasantly. "I hope no real harm is done." I was lifting the rug with shaking hands. The two stones lay as I had placed them. No! I nearly dropped it back again. It was the stone in the case that had the loop with the three sham sapphires!

Carwitchet picked the other up hastily. "So you say this is rubbish!" he said, his eyes sparking wickedly, and an attempt at mortification in his tone.

Carwitchet picked the other up hastily.

"Utter rubbish!" I pronounced, with truth and decision, snapping up the case and pocketing it. "Lady Carwitchet must have known it."

"Ah, well, its disappointing, isn't it? Goodby, we shall not meet again."

I shook hands with him most cordially. "Goodby, Lord Carwitchet. So glad to have met you and your mother. It has been a source of the greatest pleasure, I assure you."

I have never seen the Carwitchets since. The Bishop drove over next day in rather better spirits. Miss Panton had refused the chaplain.

"It doesn't matter, my lord," I said to him heartily. "We've all been under some strange misconception. The stone in your possession is the veritable one. I could swear to that anywhere. The sapphire Lady Carwitchet wears is only an excellent imitation, and—I have seen it with my own eyes—is the one bearing Bogaert's mark, the Greek Beta."—Cornhill Magazine.

Potash and Salt.

A stone pot will be absolutely dissolved and crumble away if strong potash water is allowed to stand in it for any length of time, although a moment's contact does no harm whatever. In this connection it may be said that salt will also produce almost identical effects on stoneware. Some housekeepers pack butter in very strong brine in stone pots. It is often the case that the glazing will crack and scale off in large pieces after the brine has stood in the pot for some time. Much, however, depends on the quality of the glazing, the finer and better grades being much less easily affected.—New York Ledger.

A Pretty Knickknack.

Fancy bags for holding dusting cloths all housewives are familiar with, but in the accompanying cut is represented something of a similar nature which is quite a novelty. This is a holder for the dainty feather brush with which one dusts off polished furniture and fine bric-a-brac. This holder is a convenience and an ornament combined. It is made of pongee silk with a crosspiece of plush and appliqué, is edged with silk cord and trimmed with plush balls and ribbon. The brush should of course be made of prettily colored feathers, and it will then give a most attractive appearance to the whole.

FEATHER DUSTER HOLDER.

Narrow Crocheted Edge.

A neat and serviceable edging for trimming underwear, aprons, etc., may be crocheted as follows:

Chain 10.—1 treble in sixth stitch, chain 3, skip 2, 1 treble in next, chain 1, 1 treble in same, chain 1, 1 treble in same, chain 3.

2. 1 treble in first hole, chain 1, 1 treble in next hole, chain 1, 6 trebles in the 6 chain stitches, 1 treble in treble, chain 1, 1 treble in second of chain at the end, chain 4.

3. 1 treble in first treble, chain 1, 1 treble in the seventh treble, chain 1, 1 treble in first hole, chain 1, 1 treble in same, chain 5. Repeat second and third rows alternately.

Cocoanut Bread Pudding.

Mix with three ounces of grated cocoanut four ounces of breadcrumbs, three ounces of sugar, about half a pint of cocoanut or other milk, and two well beaten eggs; butter a pie dish, pour in the mixture, place a piece of butter about the size of a walnut on the top and bake in a moderate oven.

Sweet Potatoes with Bacon.

Cold sweet potatoes are delicious fried with pork or bacon. Fry eight ounces of thinly sliced pork or bacon, transfer to a hot dish and fry in the drippings a quart of potatoes which have been boiled, peeled and sliced, rather less than half an inch thick.

Shoulders' articles of every description at Emil Thamm's.

MADELAINE LEROUX.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

She turned around and saw an enormous pig.

The white road that leads from Candebec to Villequier mounts for a short way very steeply, until it is some height above the little meadow beside the Seine. On the right is a wooded hill, and the top of the descent to the meadow is bordered by silver stemmed, slender armed birch trees, which at evening time look weird and ghostly.

At the foot of this road, on the side nearest the town of Candebec, there stands a pleasant looking white house, with a high roof and two huge chimney stacks. The porch and a bay window are covered with climbing roses, which have stretched their branches to reach an upper row of lattices.

A large grass plot, with a slated path running around it, is in front of the house; and this path continues on the left and is soon lost to sight in a shrubbery, backed with trees, that leads to a garden behind. On the other side a low stone wall, so old that it is many colored with moss and lichen, divides both front and back garden from the orchard which slopes up the hill beside the white road.

The river makes a sudden bend outward after it has passed the house, so that its steep green bank borders the road just opposite Mademoiselle Chaumelle's dwelling. Only a few days ago the high autumn tide of the Barre swept furiously over this bank, across the road, and through the tall iron entrance gates, fill it flung a shower of yellow foam and stones and twigs against Mademoiselle Chaumelle's windows.

The river looked quiet enough this morning, half veiled in a soft mist that gave warning of coming frost. The trees far on the left, where the river takes a dark bend toward Caudebecquet, looked much less dense than they had looked yesterday; so many brown and gold leaves had fallen under cover of the darkness.

The lattice above the bay window opened, and a bright girl's face looked out. For a moment her earnest, dark eyes gazed lovingly across the Seine, and then leftward toward the mist veiled bend, but Madelaine Leroux was practical, and she knew that if she meant to gather Aunt Virginie a nosegay before breakfast, she had little time to spend in admiring the view from her window.

The few remaining blossoms on the Gloire de Dijon rose below her window were out of reach, and so were some creamy Boisette roses on the porch. When she reached the garden the border flowers that had looked so gay from her window proved themselves to be deceptions; the tall white daisies, on which she had reckoned, had blackened tips, and the chrysanthemum petals were nipped brown. She gave a little cry of triumph as she looked around. Just against the iron fence in front of the house she spied a bunch of China roses, so exquisitely varied in their rosy tint that they seemed too lovely to be real. Madelaine thought this as she stood looking at them; she was so absorbed by their beauty that a sudden grunt made her start.

She turned around and saw an enormous pig in the middle of the grass plot. It was grouting both with its fore feet and with its snout in search of some treasure which it evidently expected to find under the turf, and it grunted as it grouted.

"Go away, go away, you nasty, greedy creature!" the girl cried in a frightened voice. "You are spoiling Aunt Virginie's grass plot. Go, I say!" She swished her pale blue skirt at the intruder. For an instant it left off grouting, but it stared at Madelaine with such fierce little red eyes that the girl drew back in alarm.

"What shall I do? I believe pigs bite when they are savage." Then she shouted: "Joseph! Elise! come, come! Joseph, make haste! The garden will be spoiled!"

The huge pig had gone back with a grunt to its grouting, but the girl's cries seemed to irritate it; it came toward her, shaking its huge sides and grunting, looking, she thought, still more savage; it was between her and the house, and as it continued to advance on her Madelaine suddenly lost courage and she fled to the entrance gates.

A passer by stopped as she reached them.

"Help me!" the girl said breathlessly, and she opened the gate. "Please drive the pig away; I am afraid of it."

She scarcely looked at the stranger; she only saw that he was a man, and she felt sure that he would help her.

The stranger seemed young and strong, but the pig took no heed of his raised walking stick. Seeing this, he raised a shower of blows on the back of the ugly brute, which drew forth a hideous series of grunts and squeaks, and to Madelaine's relief the creature trotted out into the road, its enormous sides shaking an accompaniment to its clamor.

Two women servants and a man ran into the garden. There was a buzz of questions and Madelaine saw her aunt come out into the porch.

"Come in, monsieur, come in then! I beg of you. Let me thank you a thousand times for stopping mischief. Ah! then, monsieur, it is the fault of my careless gardener, Joseph, to whom, if you will believe me, I have more than once pointed out the necessity of mending that hole in the wall beside the orchard. Ah! monsieur, you are indeed a friend in need. It was well that you came to the rescue, for that was the savage sow of the Marais, and it is a wonder she did not fly at you. Were you much frightened, my precious Madelaine?"

By this time Mademoiselle Chaumelle had come up with Madelaine and her champion, and the stranger should not help smiling at the contrast between the aunt and the niece.

The potted ball of a woman, with her happy, snuffling face, seemed shorter than she really was, as she stood panting in plain, tall girl's shoulder. Just now Madelaine's dark, gypsyish face was bent down, and her slender figure seemed to be trembling with shame at the remembrance of her cowardice; for she thought that a really formidable animal would not have been so quickly routed; she thought, too, that her aunt was unnecessarily gushing in her gratitude for such a service.

Madelaine had only arrived late on the previous evening, and then Monsieur le Cure had come in to supper; so there had not been time for a comfortable talk alone with Aunt Virginie.

Madelaine Leroux had a father and an excellent stepmother. Her own mother, her Aunt Virginie's sister, had died when the girl was still an infant; but though her stepmother loved her very dearly, Madame Leroux did not spoil Madelaine as Mademoiselle Chaumelle did, and the girl was always ready to go and stay at Candebec. She had come this time to take her aunt's advice on a very important subject, and she was uneasy till their talk had taken place.

"Is monsieur making a stay in Candebec?" Mademoiselle Leroux asked the stranger.

"I shall be here a few days," he answered; and then he glanced toward the porch as if he wanted to be asked indoors.

Mademoiselle Chaumelle was looking at him with a very mournful expression in her eyes.

"Pardon me, monsieur," she said, and Madelaine thought her aunt's voice sounded broken, "but you remind me so much of some one I knew years ago. May I venture to ask your name?"

Madelaine looked hard at the stranger, and she thought she had never seen that grave, almost stern, face before. Dark gray-blue eyes looked out frankly under well marked eyebrows; the nose and the forehead reminded the girl of an ancient coin, and the mouth, though partly hidden by a brown mustache, was sharply cut and full of character. Madelaine decided that the stranger must be very severe, and she felt sure he must think her aunt foolish. The part of his face she liked best was his broad, square forehead, and the crisp waves of rich brown hair above it. He looked, she fancied, surprised at her aunt's question, but he answered at once:

"My name is Maurice Henri, mademoiselle. I live at present in Paris, but I shall probably settle in Rouen some day."

Mademoiselle Chaumelle looked disappointed.

"My friend's name was not Henri, monsieur, but it is strange that one of his Christian names was Maurice. Monsieur must permit me to say that the likeness I see makes me feel as if he were an old acquaintance. Will he do so sometime as to come in and breakfast with us this morning?"

Monsieur Henri bowed. He had breakfasted before he came out, but the spinster's ready hospitality pleased him, and, besides, he wanted to talk to her silent niece. Madelaine was not inclined to talk, and after several attempts Monsieur Henri devoted himself entirely to his hostess.

Madelaine felt so cross and contradictory that she preferred to be silent. She was so much accustomed to be in the right with every one that it rarely occurred to her to question her own wisdom, but after a few minutes she regretted her silence and the abrupt way in which she had answered this gentleman, who had spoken politely to her. And then she told herself that it was quite natural that she should feel upset by his presence; she knew that she should not be allowed to stay long at Candebec and she had to discuss with her aunt the unpleasant and important subject that troubled her before she went home. It was true that she had already made up her mind on this marriage proposed to her by her father and her stepmother. She did not want to be married, and she had said so; they had smiled in answer, and told her she must not decide hastily. Madelaine felt sure she was right, but she wanted to be justified by her aunt's assent to her opinion. Aunt Virginie always agreed with her. "We think so much alike," the girl said to herself, as she ate her breakfast, perfectly unconscious that she had as yet never yielded up her own will to that of Aunt Virginie.

She could not help enjoying Monsieur Henri's talk, it sounded so interesting, and at last, when he gave an account of a journey he had made in Switzerland that summer, her cheeks flushed and her eyes glowed as he related his Alpine adventures, for Mademoiselle Chaumelle had the gift of drawing out conversation from others.

Madelaine's eyes strayed to the visitor's face and she saw how truly it expressed his feelings. He looked so determined, so in earnest, and yet there was a sweet, kind look in his eyes that fascinated her in spite of herself. Her observations were quickly interrupted.

Monsieur Henri seemed to feel that her eyes were fixed on him. He looked up so suddenly that he met them full. Madelaine turned away with an angry flush at the admiration she saw in Monsieur Henri's face. She did not know how much of it had been provoked by the absorbed interest he had read in hers. Her impatience came back. She felt indignant with her aunt. She was certain that her mother would not approve of such a sudden acquaintance, for Aunt Virginie went on talking to this stranger as though he were an old friend.

"I shall tell her," Madelaine thought, that German story mother gave me to read, where the heroine chooses and talks with a stranger all through the evening of a masked ball, and then after supper, when every one unmasks, the unknown cavalier turns out to be the common bagman. Yes, indeed, I shall scold Aunt Virginie for her imprudence."

Madelaine drew herself up with a pretty air of dignity that delighted the observant guest on the opposite side of the table.

II.

But she allowed herself to be helped down.

Days passed away, and yet no summons came to Madelaine from Rouen. She was enjoying herself far too much to take count of the days as they slipped pleasantly by; she intently loved in the present, and even when she remembered the object of her visit she shrank from the unpleasant subject and tried to forget it.

(Continued on fourth page.)

The Town County Times

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Payable IN ADVANCE, one year $1.50 six months, $1.00, three months, 50 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for each insertion and duly sworte per square for each subsequent insertion. Legal advertisements 1½ cents per line for each insertion.

Notice. By the year or for six or three months are long and uniform, and will be furnished on application. Executors' and administrators' notices $4 each, for six insertions.

Professional cards, not exceeding one inch $6, by the year.

Obituary notices over five lines, one cent per line. Simple announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.

All communications intended to call attention to

L. ROGERS & SON,

Editors and Proprietors

Smethport, Pa., Feb 5 1892

THE Republican State Convention will meet in Harrisburg on the 20th of February

IT makes the Canadian farmer sick to see the hay rather tired to know that a bushel of barley in Buffalo will buy twice as much sugar as it will in Toronto.

AMERICAN free traders attribute the downward tendency of wool prices in this country to the McKinley bill. English free traders attribute the fall in Australian wool to the same cause.

THE statement that John Cessna, as Chairman of the Republican State Committee of this State during the Garfield campaign sent $25 000 out to Indiana to assist in carrying that State for Garfield, is all bosh

THE libel suit of Governor Pattison against the *Morning Call* of Harrisburg will commence in Philadelphia on the 16th of this month Col Will Jordan need not be told that Hon Chauncey F Black ought to be given an opportunity to tell what he knows about Jurking in the light

THE public indebtedness of this country national state and county combined, amounts to $78 15 for each family In England it is $337 do in Austria, $351 20 in Germany $4 80 00 and in France $381 75 Evidently the United States is still very much better off than its friends across the sea

CHARLES H SPURGEON the noted London English divine died at Menton, England, on Sunday last at 11 05 p m of nervous prostration He was born at Kelvedon Essex England on the 19th day June 1834 Before he was 15 years of age he became pastor of a small Baptist church at Cambersmouth In 1854 he first commenced preaching in London and in a little over a year before he was recognized as one of the great orators of the age Henry Ward Beecher once said that he never heard a great sermon until he heard Spurgeon

THE intelligent people of this country of both political parties have known since the election of 1884 that Grover Cleveland was duly elected President that year that he was a stolen seat. This fact was confirmed by Gen Butler's autobiography just published in which he says

There were voters enough the way I see and all issues were to have prevented Mr Cleveland's election but in many of the polling pla e they were not allowed for one but for Cleveland and it was the electoral vote for the State of New York was counted for him by a few hundred votes only

THE cross ties industry of the United States is also suffering as do the most remunerable of the forest industries in the country Large quantities of ties are being shipped from the forests of Canada to the United States where they are bought at prices that will not pay the cost of getting them out Last year 100 per cent more ties were sold in the United States than in 1890 In the same time there has been an average increase in the cost of getting of 50 cents a tie an average increase in the value of the ties of 40 cents a tie and an average increase in the value of operative earnings of more than $100 per month These figures will bear careful scrutiny

JOHN H MCCLURE proprietor and Wm H Foster editor of the Beaver *Star* who were recently convicted of having malicously libeled Hon M S Quay, were sentenced by Judge Wilson on Monday last to six months imprisonment in the county jail to pay a fine of $500 00 and the costs of prosecution This seems like a pretty severe sentence but Judge Wilson justified himself in so doing that the defendants pleaded guilty to the libel no affidavits on the plaintiff long after they had the matter in their possession that if the facts were not given to the public for their all sufficient reason They are alone responsible for the severity of their punishment.

THE American boot workers will not admit that there is any fun plate manufactured in the United States The Crockett *Times* a Texas paper seems to be better informed for in a recent issue in speaking of the plate in the United States it says

Several large firms have already embarked in the enterprise The pay matters, who include several Welsh experts, say they will The American tin plates are 8 up as any Swansea plate and make a perfect The manufacturers express much confidence in the ultimate success of the plate making in the United States They claim that both workmen and material are to be had in this country and that before many months they will be able to supply one half of the American demand

The Cardiff Journal publishes what it calls a partial list of Americans tin plant factories. Its representatives reports that he found two factories to drift operations in Philadelphia one at Doylestown Pa. with a capacity of 25 000 boxes a year one in Cleveland Ohio one in Piqua Ohio, of which he says that all the material used at this plant is American the tin coming from the Pennsylvania mines of California the lead from Missouri and the steel sheets from Ohio." Other factories were found in Cincinnati, Irondale, Ohio, in Milwaukee, Wis. in Anderson, Ind., in Chicago and in St. Louis

If you are worn out by that hacking cough and want a good night's rest try Piso's Cure for Consumption, Coughs and Consumption, 25 and 50 cents. First bottles of Piso's Cure free at F. E. Foster Drug Store.

CHILI.

The following article from the Phila *Record* giving a brief description of the country which has recently occupied the attention of the public to a great extent will be read with interest

While not the largest country in South America Chili is the most powerful It stretches along the coast of South America, between the Andes mountains and the Pacific ocean for 1 000 miles. Her sea coast is 2 500 miles long The average width is 200 miles. If she were picked loose from her Andes and laid down over our Atlantic coast her most northern province would cover Maine and her rockbound southern extremity would blot out of existence the peninsula of Florida. This strip would extend inland half way cross the State of Pennsylvania Chili's territory would cover the States of Maine New Hampshire Vermont Massachusetts Rhode Island Connecticut a third of New York all of New Jersey half of Pennsylvania, most of Maryland all of Delaware nearly half of Virginia and North Carolina, three quarters of South Carolina half of Georgia, a corner of Alabama and all Florida

This country clings to the Andes Mountains as if afraid of slipping off into the Pacific This giant ranges bounds and protects Chili's whole eastern frontier Some peaks rise 23 000 feet into the air and the top of the great backbone of the continent is white the entire year with snow That is the east side The west side of Chili is another mountain ridge about twice the height of the Alleghenies in Pennsylvania Their feet are bathed by ocean A narrow strip of land a few miles wide intervenes between sea and mountain in some places Between these two mountain ranges the Chilian plateau lies It is level land 4 000 feet above the sea level This valley formed in and protected by the huge mountains is exceedingly fertile Hundreds of swift torrents rush across it which tap the snow caps of the Andes Down these gullies good railroads have been built

Chili is not only rich in the production of cereals and oranges, lemons and other fruits but is a mine of mineral wealth Her gold and silver mines have attracted the capitalists of the World and thousands of foreigners are there digging for the precious metals The farms are kept fertile in many places by irrigation The farmers deflect the roaring rivers from their courses and turn the water into hundreds of small ditches Agriculture has reached fully as great perfection there as in the United States In this narrow table land lie all the cities and towns of the country except Valparaiso which stretches along the ocean coast Santiago the capital is a beautiful city laid out like a checker board with the capital in the center Chilians are white people like we are That is the purest Chilians are A large part of the population is of Indians made up of half breed who are a mixture of Chilians and Indians There are 50 000 full blooded Indians The whites are intelligent an I many speak English In Valparaiso English is taught in the schools They are smaller in stature than the people of the United States Th ey are strong and full of fight They have great endurance and as they are used to living in a crude way could not be starved out in any case the United States would an army I am there

Suppose the United States sent a fleet of 25 war vessels and 20 000 soldiers there what could they do? Valparaiso could be stormed and captured But then what? The Chilians would back through the mountains passes A handful of them could easily combat a whole regiment of advancing troops In the meantime the ways to interior Chili would be all fortified that it would require half a pounding to dislodge the valiant foe At least it would take an enormous army a long time to make much if an impression upon Chili Of course Uncle Sam's ships would be in control but of no use to him in the land but could lay with out a stiff fight The Chilians have good mind

THE END OF THE CONVENTION.

[illegible] Message [illegible] very [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

McKean County Times

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Smethport, Pa., Feb 5 1892

LOCAL AND GENERAL

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the name of C W King as a candidate for Assessor of McKean township, subject to the decision of the Republican convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of J C Small as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

We are authorized to announce the name of W H. Swart as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

NOTICE.

F P Slocum is our authorized agent in the city of Bradford to contract for advertising and job work and receive subscriptions for the MIRROR.

F W Moore, Sr is the authorized agent of the MIRROR in Kane borough and the townships of Wetmore, Hamilton and Humlin. He is authorized to receive subscriptions and contract for advertising and job work L. ROGERS & SON, Publishers.

—Civil court next Monday

—Olean has a colony of Arabians.

—A pre-lenten leap year party is talked of

—A divorce case is now called a "sour mash."

—Republican caucus 8 days 8 hours 8 weeks from to-morrow night.

—A sighexp ential is among the possibilities of the near future

—The Bradford races this year are booked for June 28, 29 and 30 and July 1

—For fine tobaccos, cigars, etc go to Emil Thamm's. Fine stock and low prices.

—We are prepared to print ballots and stickers for the town election with the yea wait.

—The word "bull" as applied to a society event is now tabooed The New York "400" call it a "rout."

—The McKean Co. School Directors Association meets at Kidred next Tuesday A full attendance is desired

—Hyer's Colored Musical Comedy Company, at the opera house, on Friday and Saturday evenings, February 5 and 6

—In a position decision at Washington last month, March 5, 1821 was fixed as the date on which the late war started

—Social events will be of more frequent occurrence as the lenten season approaches. Several are already on the tapis.

—The commissioners of Tioga county estimate the running expenses of that county for the current year at $60 000 to $75,000.

—License petitions and bonds of the MIRROR series of law blanks at 25 cents a dozen. These blanks are approved by the courts.

—The Bradford ladies are getting up some very enjoyable leap year parties What are the Smethport ladies going to do about it?

—George Anderson who resided up Marvin creek, about six miles died very suddenly last Monday We are without particulars.

—Next Sunday evening Rev J E Helms will preach the first of a series of sermons on Kings and Queens of Park ness and Light."

—Astronomers assert that in 80 000 years from now the earth will again enter the glacial epoch and be entombed in one solid mass of ice.

—Rev R. L. Williams of Worthington, Pa., will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church of this place next Sunday, morning and evening.

—The shipment of lumber from Williamsport for the year 1891 shows a total of 393 270,000 feet, an increase over the preceding year, 1890, of 24,683 000 feet.

N H Hastings, formerly of Bradford but lately going to Texas, died at that place on Tuesday aged 44 years. The remains were taken to Bradford for burial.

—The young ladies of the Industrial League will serve a pilled corn and other refreshments, at the M E Parsonage, on Friday evening, February 5th, from six until ten o'clock

—The Republican caucus for the First district of Keating township, will be held in the bottling works, at East Smethport on Saturday evening February 13th, from 7 to 9 p. m.

—The St. Cecelia's will serve their cooked lead at the Guild rooms, Saturday from 3 to 8.30. Scalloped oysters will be served with luncheon Orders to be left with May Chester President

—The warm weather which reached this section on Friday last, caught a severe cold, and being followed with snow the sleighing still continues good, to the bills to delight of Lumbermen.

—The Smethport E. A. U. has changed its programme and instead of going to Kidred, a sleighride and visit to Mt. Alton is proposed for to-morrow (Saturday) night, conditions being favorable.

—The average man of 50 years of age has spent 3,000 days, or twenty years, in sleep and has consumed about 17,000 pounds of bread and 13,000 pounds of meat, washed down with 7,000 gallons of liquids.

—Next Tuesday evening the meeting of the Knights of St. John and Malta will be of more than ordinary interest, it being the second anniversary of the initiating of Keystone encampment, and every member is urged to be present.

—At a meeting of the Lake Erie trotting circuit, held in Bradford, last week, Major A. C. Hawkins was re-elected President and W. K. Weaver, Secretary. Springville, N. Y., made application and will probably be admitted to membership.

—Tuesday was Candlemas day, and the groundhog did not see his shadow, at least not in this section. Had he done so it would have indicated continued winter weather or a break up, but as it is, look out for a break up or continued winter weather.

—The Elk County Court granted 36 licenses last week for the sale of liquor in one form or another. This is doing well, for a county of 32,000 inhabitants. The Court evidently don't intend to put any obstacle in the way of any man getting a drink over there who possesses a nickel

—There are four weeks in the year that the Sheriff must be accommodated, and when he in turn accommodates the lawyers by waiting until the last minute for them to get their real estate sales around, as a matter of course the printer must wait on all, and that is why we are late this week

—Smethport is now supplied with hose sufficient to reach any desired point in case of fire The fire department has received 1000 feet, which added to what they already had gives them 1 800 feet. W J Gifford has also added 40 feet to his 400 which makes a total of 2 250 feet of hose available for fire purposes.

—The People's Gas Company of Port Allegany have a rig up in Reilly Hollow where 240 acres of land has been leased, and will put down a well at once We hear it stated that the company will also put down a well on the Ostrander farm, on the Port Allegany road, near what is known as the Devils elbow."

—The iron works at Smethport having been purchased by a syndicate, is now known as the Smethport Iron and Coal Company Representatives of the new company have visited the works and found what repairs will be necessary and they say they will start up in full blast early this season. —*Elder d Eagle*

—The residence of Zach Kart, known as the Swartbout house in Barrett Hollow, on Marvin creek was destroyed by fire on Friday night last When discovered the flames had made such progress as to render it impossible to save much of the property only two stoves and the furniture in the chamber being got out of the burning building

Mr Harry S. Wagoner leaves for Buffalo today to work on the local staff of the Express. For the past three years he has been hoeing after the local department of the *Evening Star* and during that time has gained many friends. He is a bright young newspaper man who enters the field of metropolitan journalism under propitious auspices. He will make his mark.

Those who witnessed the performance given a few weeks since by Hyer's Musical Comedy Company will hail with delight their re-appearance at the opera house on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. The company is first class in every respect every member being an artist and there is nothing in the performances to offend the most fastidious. Popular prices prevail and everybody should attend

Hon A F Barden and Mrs L. A. Barden left Wednesday for Buffalo, where they will spend a few days. Mr Barden left Tuesday for Bradford to attend the funeral of his brother, Hon Wm Barden, who died very suddenly on Monday morning. Mr Barden was a prominent citizen of Bradford, and was well known throughout the county. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1881 and 1882, and was a candidate for Speaker of the House in the latter year. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1872-3. He was a man of strong character, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He was 62 years of age, and leaves a wife and two children, a son and daughter, to mourn his loss. The funeral will be held this afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from the residence of his son, Hon A F Barden, on Main street, Bradford.

—Hon. Wm. Barden, whose death occurred in Bradford on Monday morning, was born in Hamlin, Monroe county, N. Y., July 31, 1830. He learned the telegraph and railroad business in the Erie railroad office at Alexander, N. Y., and has followed his chosen calling in all sections of the United States and about one year in the Republic of Mexico. He left Smethport in August last for Winona where he remained to the day of his death. He leaves an aged mother and five brothers, among whom are D. S. and Patrick of Smethport John, of Ridgway James, of Fishkill on the Hudson and Edward, who was with him when he died. The remains were brought to Smethport for interment, the funeral services being held Thursday afternoon

PERSONAL MENTION.

We would desire if a favor if those having friends visiting in their midst would notify us by postal or by inserting a notice in this column.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wright, of Milford were in town this week.

L. W. Mason returned Tuesday from an extended trip in the west.

Mrs. C. Gleason, of Corry, Pa., visited Smethport friends last week.

John Mullin, of the Mt. Alton school, spent Sunday with Smethport friends.

Mrs. H C. Wells entertained a number of her friends at her home on Wednesday evening.

Mr and Mr Gerwick, of Rochelle, were the guests of Mrs. B. M. Bliss, Sunday last.

Attorney F W Hastings, of Bradford, had business at the seat of justice Saturday last.

Mr and Mrs. Thomas McDowell of Port Allegany, spent Sunday with Smethport friends.

Col. Wm S. Bull, the genial salesman representing the Courier Company, Buffalo, was in town Tuesday,

W T Bulkholder, the popular host of the Willard Hotel, Bradford, was a caller at the MIRROR office Tuesday

Max Wilson drove over from Port Allegany on Friday last and was the guest of his brother Howard for a few hours.

Mr and Mrs. Andrew Reilly celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their wedding by a pleasant family re union last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. S. M Bliss has just returned from Sullivan N. Y., where she has been visiting her sister who has been very sick with la grippe.

Master Herbert Bard, of Smethport, was in town over Sunday, the guest of his brother Ross, at the home of E. B. Mellon. —*Mt. Jewett Herald.*

Mr and Mrs. L. T Daly Mr and Mrs. M E Greer Messrs. A M Coleman and John Reilly and Misses Edith Shoemaker and Emma Reilly enjoyed a sleighride to Eldred last Thursday night.

Wm. Gifford and wife, of Smethport, with a stepbow and sleigh came over here for a sleighride on Saturday and returned on Sunday They report the sleighing just splendid —*Emporium Independent.*

Chas O Laymon, editor of the Port Allegany *Reporter* was a caller at the MIRROR office while in town on Saturday last. Mr Laymon is an affable gentleman and one that we would be pleased to see more of

J W Baker of the Kane *Republican* accompanied by his wife was the guest of his parents Mr and Mrs. John Baker over Sunday They were called here by the illness of Mr Baker's father as was also J M Baker of Buffalo.

T B Day of the well known Port Allegany firm, McDowell & Day was in town on Friday last, and dropped into the MIRROR office for a social chat. Mr Day is a stalwart Republican and withal a gentleman that it is always a pleasure to meet

Michael Herzog a former well known resident of Smethport, but now of the town site of Washington is visiting relatives and friends in this section. Mr Herzog is very enthusiastic as regards that far western country and will return there about the first of June

John E Shoemaker Esq recently appointed Mercantile appraiser for McKean county was in Port Allegany Tuesday on business connected with his office. He is a gentlemanly, agreeable officer and those with whom his business brings him in contact are pleased to the square office —*Reporter*

Dropped Dead.

Smethport was thrown into a fever of excitement on Wednesday night by the news that Augustus A Waters had dropped dead in Perkins billiard room The news spread rapidly and a large crowd had very soon congregated The particulars of this sad tragedy as near as we can learn them are as follows Mr Walters as was his usual custom had come over to town after supper and having done an unusually hard day's work stepped into the billiard room and sat down While in there quite an excitement was worked up and added to this the air in the room was close. About nine o'clock Mr Walters got up and started to leave the room but had taken but a few steps when he fell to the floor apparently in a faint Physicians were hastily summoned, and though but a minute or two elapsed before they arrived the unfortunate man was beyond help and ex ired a few moments later Heart disease was the cause of his death

Though born in New York city Dec 3, 1842, the deceased had been an almost lifelong resident of this place He served as a private in the P 42d Pennsylvania Vols the famous Bucktails and at the expiration of his term re-enlisted in the U S 211 Pa. Vols. serving till the close of the war He was a member of McKean Post 247 G A R. whose organization will have charge of the obsequies, to be held to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock Mr Walters in his long residence here has made many friends who with his wife, a daughter of John G Boyer Esq., of East Smethport, five children and other relatives, will sincerely mourn his death. The following order is self explanatory

HEADQUARTERS
McKEAN POST NO 247 G A R.
DEPT of PENNSYLVANIA
Smethport, February 4, 1892.

ORDER NO. 1

The members of this Post will assemble at the Post room at 1 o'clock p m. Saturday, Feb. 6th, in full uniform, to attend the funeral of Comrade A A Walters. By command

C S SANFORD
H H Choate, Commander
Adjutant

Chinese Meeting

An enthusiastic meeting was held on the 1st for the meeting Wednesday evening, to consider the advisability of forming a board of trade Nearly 100 business men and industry was represented, not to speak of the number of professional and workingmen present. The meeting organized by choosing Mr James A McKean as president and S H. Lindsley and F A. Thomas secretaries. Hon L. Rogers was then called upon and explained the objects of the meeting and pointed out the duties of the citizens in the present crisis. A letter from D C Young, who was unable to be present by reason of sickness, was read, which struck the key note of the situation exactly Mr S J Gifford followed, and closed with a motion that a committee of five be chosen to draft resolutions and formulate a plan of organization. The motion was carried unanimously and S. J Gifford, Hon. T A. Morrison, F W Brownell, Dr. H M. McCoy and D. C. Young were elected. The meeting then adjourned to Saturday night at 7:30 o'clock, at the same house, when it is hoped everybody will be present.

—The finest stock of robes, blankets, etc., in this section, at Gleason & Leonhardt's, and prices are down to rock bottom. Don't fail to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

SUPERIORITY.

"Conceit is the mother of success.

The baby on days are near at hand.

It is bad form for a sailor to leave more than two yards.

The high handshake is a new and foolish fad in the culture head parade.

Exemplary should be spelled out in letter writing. Numerals are now barred.

It is said that a bony neck may be be rounded up by rubbing olive oil into it nightly

The pessimist regrets the peaceful termination of affairs with Chili and thinks a war would have benefitted the world.

An eastern writer says the rosebud mouth is out of fashion and that the classic form is on the ascendant. "Classic form" must mean a good mouth for pie

In 1870, McKean county produced 54,983 bushels of Emerald Isle potatoes. There must have been an unprecedented stress of activity in Irish Hollow that year

Although there are noble self-sacrificing deeds performed in the world and modern saints exist, still selfishness is a universal law of nature and is the motive of a large percentage of benevolent and charitable acts.

While playing a base game a fire at New Orleans, a telephone wire and an electric light wire got crossed, the stream struck the wires, a heavy current followed down the water and killed the fireman holding the nozzle

The Bellamy colony planted in California has given up the ghost as all communities founded on visionary theories eventually do. The ideal Utopias conceived by Plato, Sir Thomas Moore and Edward Bellamy have too much orderly perfection in their regime to suggest anything but an impressed purgatory to a discerning reader The donation us routine portrayed in Bellamy's Looking Backward" is repugnant to human nature His theory in removing all incentive to labor excellence, etc. removes the main-spring of existence

As the emancipation of woman from the home and cradle progresses, multitudinous missionary and moral reform societies blossom out. While few cities and towns as are exempt from them, they seem to flourish more particularly in orthodox communities where they are nourished by a democratic spirit that savours of fanaticism. The aim of these bodies seems to revolutionize the earth at one fell swoop and each little corporation confines the celestial universe within its palatial Lacelight of orthodoxal fame moves to reconsider and Miss Parliament rises to a point of order it is the cannibals of the South Pacific are converted and the earth is clean and

Obituaries

On Saturday last a message was received in Smethport announcing the death of Michael Keefe at Wilcox Mine after a lingering illness, of consumption Deceased was a son of Mrs Mary Keefe, of this place and was born in Hamlin, Monroe county N Y July 31 1850 He learned the telegraph and railroad business in the Erie railroad office at Alexander N Y and has followed his chosen calling in all sections of the United States and about one year in the Republic of Mexico He left Smethport in August last for Wilcox where he remained to the day of his death He leaves an aged mother and five brothers, among whom are D S and Patrick of Smethport John, of Ridgway James, of Fishkill on the Hudson and Edward, who was with him when he died The remains were brought to Smethport for interment, the funeral services being held Thursday afternoon

M H Bowen postmaster at Derrick City died at his home in that place on Tuesday of paralysis superinduced by a severe attack of the grip aged 52 years Mr Bowen came to this county from Herkimer N Y in 1877 He was a member of the A O U W at the B & I of H and was a man universally esteemed He leaves a wife to mourn his loss The funeral services were held yesterday at his late home The remains were taken to Salisbury N Y for interment.

D F Hall Esq one of the oldest residents of Kane died on Thursday night last from an attack of influenza Mr Hall was in the neighborhood of seventy years of age and in his prime was one of the most accomplished book keepers and accountants in this section His wife who was a daughter of the late Dr Coleman of Liberty township survives him Several grown up children survive him

A Man Thermometer

Jones says he can make the best thermometer ever invented better than Fahrenheit never invented better ones If the weather is warm or sultry they are cheerful If cool and frosty they are irritable and snappy If damp and cloudy they are blue and gloomy But if either Jones's headache, rheumatism, indigestion, the weather will always be damp and cloudy in their locality unless they use Dr Pierce's Pleasant Pellets These Pellets are small, sugar coated granules calculated to start the liver and digestive organs into healthy activity and thereby raise the spirits, and dispel gloom

Literary Treat

The following Bill of Fare" will be dished up in the W C T U rooms, Bacons building Tuesday evening of next week

Wonders of Grit,
All Things to All Men
An Unruly Member
(Apetizers)
What a Boy Calls His Sweetheart
Fruit of the Vine
Imperfine or
Table Dainty
True Cake
(Beverage)
Pastor Orr thrive
A Cool Brunette
A Wise Reverence
Sing's Offering

All are cordially invited to attend and have a good time Tall ready at 8.30

—Lead by and the roses fall;
One by one and dear souls die
Only keep them with us still
Love us be we need us by
Wife and mother O how dear
Nothing like a mild sway
Father, let me keep them here.
Tearfully to God we pray

Many a wife and mother who seems doomed to die because she suffers from diseases peculiar to women which saps her life away like a vampire and baffles the skill of the family physician can be saved by employing the proper remedy The remedy is Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the greatest boon ever conferred by no man woman-suffering, drooping women. It is a specific for all phases of female weakness, no matter what their name.

Coughs Following the Grip.

Many persons, who have recovered from la grippe are now troubled with a persistent cough. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will promptly loosen this cough and relieve the lungs, effecting a permanent cure in a very short time. Hand 50 cent bottles for sale by A. B. Armstrong Druggist

—Brass goods, furnishings, saddlings, etc., at G. W. Williams & Sons.

THE COUNTY.

Interesting News From Various Localities Picked up by Our Regular Correspondents.

KANE.

Tho good ma Jos of C V Gillis is very ill.

Burges N H Green is still confined to his room with a severe cold

Prescriptio ist Doctor McCalmont, of Franklin, was in Kane this week.

Postmas er Geo Griffith had business to Bradford on Saturday.

J S. Bradley's fine new residence on Biddle street is nearly completed.

D. T Gillis has a severe attack of the grip and is in a precarious condition.

The few attractions lately at the opera house has made our theatre goers snappy.

Louis Larson has returned to college at Meadville after a week's visit with his parents

Mrs. Henry Ferbee and her daughter Mrs. Neese Keller are visiting relatives in Kane.

Kane Bros. & Staple's clothespin factory started up Monday They have a large stock of logs.

Bessie Collings little daughter of Martin Jackson, aged two years, died last week of scarlatina and diphtheria

Mr. L. Rogers, of the Kane *Republican* drove over from Smethport on Monday accompanied by Mrs. Rogers. They are at the Thompson House.

John Collings has gone to housekeeping on Hayard street. Jack says the vicissitudes of bachelor life starting out in married life is rather perplexing.

All our grip sufferers are improving The only mystery that surrounds their rapid convalescence is that they drank plenty of Kane mineral spring water

The local politicians in the borough have so far been unable to locate the idea city of very few candidates who are likely to hold the swim for the important offices

A small blaze at the house of A Johnson, on Biddle street created by a defective flue was extinguished before any damage was done and before the firemen reached the scene.

Wm Lemmon who came charge of was arrested on the 24th day by Chief Leader Pepper and upon arable jewelry in his possession but for want of evidence he was discharged.

The weather for the past few days has been of a trying character, a thaw and a freeze, from the ice he is a w being put up it looks as if the break up has decidedly the best of it.

Wm Pigot fell down a hole of the pavement on the west side of Kane hill was badly hurt by falling off the trestle while taking water at Lodi was on one morning last week Dr Armstrong is attending him.

KENDALL CREEK

J H Gayton is visiting a parents in Knowlesville N Y

Mr and Mrs J P Whittlesey are prostrated with the grip

Miss Mary Hall was in town last week the guest of Miss Lu Abbott

Miss Kitty Norton is at present on a visit to Miss Julia Mace of Hornellsville N Y

Constable Pendelton one of our most efficient police officers, has resigned

Will Graham and family of Belmont are visiting Henry Graham of Sawyer Mt.

Miss Carl Foster is in a terribly critical condition. Hopes of her recovery are very slight.

The gas supply has been very limited during the past week as school was taken two days

Jud Leach who has been absent for some time at Medonia is home visiting his family

Rev John Moody has been holding revival services for sometime with remarkable success

Bernians have visited our quiet borough during the past week but the booty gained was very slim.

Mr Gilroy a well known person in Kendall died at his home on Sunday evening last last, of influenza

Mr John Crockett is home from Oil City on a visit to wife who has been extremely ill with la grippe

Rev Compton of Bradford preached on Tuesday and Thursday nights at the M E Church. He discoursed excellent sermons both evenings

The Christian Endeavor society have collected a large supply of garments for the poor They desire to thank the many who responded to the call for a poor offering

A merry leap year party went forth from Kendall Corners on route to Lewistown Junction Tuesday evening. Dance ng and feasting at the McNally House was the order of the evening The ladies proved themselves very efficient gallants. At about 3 o'clock A M. they returned home

CHESS.

Mr and Mrs Bloch are visiting in Auburn

E I Nicholson was in Emporium last week

Clarence Bissell is visiting friends in town.

Sam Short of North East is in this vicinity

W I Stevens of Coudersport is visiting in Ceres.

P P Wood of Cuba ter City was in town a few days this week.

Miss Minnie Smith of Ulenton N Y is visiting in town.

Clarence Spence is lying very ill with a relapse of the grip.

Myron Walker of Duke Centre visited his brother on Sunday

Mrs C. B. Cleveland attended the W C T U Convention at Alfred Centre last week

Warren Robinson, a former Ceres boy, now of Austin had business in town Saturday,

J. B. Alternose and his sister Nettie of Bolivar, were guests at L. J White's Sunday.

Mrs A A Raymond is lying very sick from a relapse of the grip at home at Mc Agie House

James Haight, a well known lumberman of East Sharon is lying very ill and his death is hourly expected

Mrs J C Brown of Brooklyn Mrs J H. Nicholson of Coboston N Y and P M Nichols of Colesbro were called here by the sudden death of Henry Van Wormer

After an illness of only a few hours Henry Van Wormer died Friday at P R Huron Mich from a relapse of the grip. His mother was with him through the last hours but his father got there only in accompany the remains of his son home, where they arrived Sunday noon. He was buried at 2 p m Monday in the Ceres cemetery, a large number of friends and relatives of the family paying the last sad rites to the departed. Forever may they have pleasant memories of their son and a lasting remembrance of his perishable

MT ALTON

Mr and Mrs. James Dunn visited Bradford last Friday

Mrs Van Wormer returned Tuesday from an extended visit with friends in Rochester and Lima N Y

Mrs. Percy Blake and children who have been visiting in Mt. Jewett for a week returned home Friday

Geo Sykes of Sun Corn, Pa, and Mr. Jr Wilson have been at work a few days at Alfred Centre N Y leave here Monday for a week's vacation at home

A party of young people leave to Smethport and Keating this Friday evening They must have had a pleasant time as they did not return until the wee small hours

Dog days may be right if a person's table manners run in that direction, when it comes to eating a hot like hot as a roasting to all days, then we ask the canines better be kept in their kennels

The married ladies leap year party was a success Tuesday evening as was their one tendered us on the 1st of the month which is to remarkable one since everybody was in the best of spirits except Rev Hain who sorely went to eat on his last visit to the parsonage and miserable one since. Hain nearly to see the circle was enjoyed by some one was frozen all winter in fact so long the party arrived at Orlando it got in a they forgot all about the eat—and let me say right here there is not a more possible place to freeze up in and to be entertained than at Mr Hagar on a less at home. Several more were present in pleasant conversation, then the ladies invited the guests to the dining room where the table was fairly groaning under the good things All did justice to that part of the programme and later after repairing to the parlor and singing "Home sweet Home" and "God be with you till we meet again, all bade their host and hostess good night The party was made up of Rev and Mrs. Hain Mr and Mrs Odell Mr and Mrs. Williams Mr and Mrs Morey Mr and Mrs Beaumont, Mr and Mrs Gratz Mr and Mrs. E Hagadorn, Dr and Mrs Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Yarington and Mr Kresge

HEXFORD

Prof Echols successful term of writing school is near its close

Mrs. Dr Dingman, of Eldred, was the guest of Mrs. Weisel last week.

Mr and Mrs Dan Brown of Duke Centre spent Sunday at Mr D. Clark's.

Miss Joe Baker of Smethport, was the guest of Miss Bertie Wright last week.

Mr and Mrs. Gerry Wallace are made happy by the arrival of a baby daughter

Mrs Hollister was taken to Dr Freeman's sanitarium in Smethport, last Friday

The Maccabees will give a social hop at at Clark's Opera House on Friday evening Feb. 5th.

The J H Mann Post will give their ninth annual ball in Duke Centre on Friday evening February 19th.

A surprise party of friends surprised Mr and Mrs J Donnelly on the evening of his 50th birthday as a presented him with a beautiful easy chair

At the last business meeting of the Epworth League, Miss Lou Love was elected delegate to the Epworth Convention, to be held in Bradford in the month.

The Ladies Aid society gave a very pleasant social on Saturday evening at the M E parsonage Refreshments were served These socials will be given every two weeks

The young ladies of Hinsford accompanied by the young gentlemen took a sleighride to Eldred, where they had an oyster supper They report a merry time.

The Teachers' Institute announced for Hinsford did not take place, owing to the illness of some and the absence of others who were to special to take part in the program.

CLERMONT

Michael Hales is on the sick list a present

Ex-County Treasurer Shoemaker was in town last week.

A social hop was held in Anderson's hall last Monday night.

E. E Gardeak, of Hamlin, had business in town Tuesday

John Boyer returned to his school in Bordentown, N J, last week.

E. W Rubin, Smethport's enterprising cloth ier, was in town last Saturday.

The Misses Elizabeth and Anna Boyer returned to their school in Ann Arbor, Michigan Thursday.

Another barber shop has been established in the place A Germon Bro. been competitively from this same cause the general cleaning out was made in the fall, but it seems impossible to keep the traffic altogether, until some of the barbers die or remove are brought to justice and made to suffer the full penalty of the law.

COLLINSVILLE.

Miss Alda Carter was visiting friends in Bentleyport last Saturday.

Mort Chesbro spent the Sabbath in Smethport, the guest of Mr. Will Herzog.

Miss Ella Buttlemore, of Martin Creek, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Albert Olmstead.

Mrs. Anson Smith is improving nicely, and her sympathizing friends hope soon to assist them during the past week.

Mrs. Stephen Merrill and Mr. Elmer Wilcox drove over to Hartville last Saturday and returned home Sunday evening.

Miss Jennie Gallup was home on Saturday and Sunday, from Smethport, where she is attending school the present term.

Mrs. H. Snow and Mrs Albert Olmstead are sick with the grip, and other families near Collinsville are not free from attacks of the same disease.

Work in the Co. still at Crosby is not begun again and the general opinion is nothing more will be done until spring. The Co. store is still closed and the horses and sleighs disposed of at public sale

Mr D V Chandler delivered a very good sermon in the Union church last Sunday morning Rev Hyndt has not been soundly well for some time, but delivered the afternoon and evening sermons as usual

In one excellent table, reading and recitations at the grange on the 21st Hon Harry Emerick assisted in Indian antiquities. At the next meeting which will be postponed until Feb 27, the events in connection with the life of Washington will be given also things that occurred during the wars for freedom that have occurred in the land now owned by the United States.

ELDRED.

Mrs. Bordick is on the sick list.

J P Herrick, of Ceres, was in town Friday.

Miss Rina Smith visited in Austin last week

J Ivers has opened a store shop in the building recently vacated by Hearn Bros

A party of young people came over from Ceres on a sleighride They had supper at the Mc. J Inn.

While skating at the house of A Johnson, on Biddle street Cassel by a defective flue was extinguished before any damage was done and before the firemen reached the scene.

Wm Lemmon who came charge of was arrested on the 24th day by Chief Leader Pepper and upon arable jewelry in his possession but for want of evidence he was discharged.

The weather for the past few days has been of a trying character, a thaw and a freeze, from the ice he is a w being put up it looks as if the break up has decidedly the best of it.

Wm Pigot fell down a hole of the pavement on the west side of Kane hill was badly hurt by falling off the trestle while taking water at Lodi was on one morning last week Dr Armstrong is attending him.

A Sad Accident.

A most deplorable accident occurred in Lafayette township this county, on Sunday last, resulting in the death of Mr. and Mrs. James W McCafferty, two most estimable young people of Bradford Mr McCafferty has been bookkeeper of the First National Bank of that city for years past and was a well-known and popular young man They were visiting Mr and Mrs H F Mundy, of Watsonville, on the line of the W N Y & P R. R In the afternoon they took a locomotive and accompanied by three or four other people, including the engineer, went out on a lumber railroad track to Wood Brothers camp three or four miles away On their return they had a steep grade to descend, about two miles from Watsonville down which the engine became uncontrollable, and in dashing around a sharp curve went off the track as it was badly smashed The passengers were all quite seriously hurt, Mr and Mrs. McCafferty fatally Mr McCafferty died at 2 o'clock Monday morning but his wife lingered along until Tuesday afternoon when she died. Mrs. McCafferty was a sister of Mrs. Mundy and her death under the circumstances was a crushing blow to the latter lady We are glad to know that Mr and Mrs Mundy escaped the terrible ordeal with only a few bruises of not a serious character.

In Memoriam.

The following memorial was adopted by the members of the W C T U, of Smethport, Jan 20 1892

WHEREAS The Father in his loving kindness and endless mercy released from long suffering our friend and sister Carrie A. Mosier therefore

Resolved, though bowing in great submission to His will, we mourn her as a worthy example of christian endurance every ready to do all in her power for the right justice and humanity

Resolved, that we tender our heartfelt sympathies to her family especially her daughters, so sadly bereft and orphaned, assuring them that He who removes a mother will furnish a friend commending them wholly to Him are who has said, I will not leave you comfortless

A Very Common Want.

Out of sorts," distrait," "the blues," these are familiar appellations for unequivocal, but without definite meaning. When accompanied with lassitude, nervousness, indigestion a paucity of the blood, to remedy which no effective stomachic persistently used in the paramount need, is conclusive evidence that the system is insufficiently nourished because—and for no other because—there organic disease of a grave kind—the food is not assimilated. To enforce the flagging energies of the stomach, reform an irregular condition of the bowels, keep up a healthful secretion of the bile with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters To its power of imparting strength is attributable its efficacy as a preventive of malaria and la grippe. For roughly effecting this end no substitute is a completent and neuralgia.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E Hurd of Groton S D we quote "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in consumption Four doctors gave me up saying I could live but a short time I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above My husband was advised to get Dr Kings New Discovery for Consumption Coughs and Colds I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles, it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman" Trial bottles at P R Foster's Drug store, regular size, 50c and $1 00

Will be Given Away.

Our enterprising druggist A. B. Armstrong, who carries drugs, perfumeries toilet articles, brushes, sponges, etc., is giving away a large number of trial bottle of Miles' celebrated Restorative Nervine. He guarantees it to cure headache, dizziness, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, the ill effects of spirits, tobacco coffee etc Druggists say it is the greatest seller they ever know, and is universally satisfactory They also guarantee Dr Miles' New Heart Cure in all cases of nervous or organic heart disease, palpitation, pain in side, smothering, etc. Fine book on "Nervous and Heart Diseases" free.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs splints, sweeny, ring bone, stifles sprains and swollen throats, coughs, etc Save $50 by use of one bottle. We warrant the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known Sold by A B. Armstrong druggist Smethport

Just Step

If you want a good dish of oysters—New York Counts—raw, stewed, pan-stew, fried, or on toast, go to A. L. Petree. He is never without.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured —O A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

The children's health must not be neglected. Colds in the head cause catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yielding to it Price 50c.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment,

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is soothing and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

Lenten.

No healthy person need fear any dangerous consequences from an attack of la grippe if properly treated. It is the system that is to be treated and not the grippe precisely the same treatment. Remain quietly at home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed for a severe cold and it prompt and complete recovery is sure to follow. This remedy has counteracted no many tendency of grippe to result in pneumonia, that among thousands who have used it during the epidemics of the past two years we have yet to learn of a single case that has not recovered or that has resulted in pneumonia. 25 and 50 cent bottle for sale by A. B. Armstrong's Druggist.

Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A report of the Commissioners appointed by the Act of 1878 to run, mark and fix the line of McKean and Warren counties, will be presented for approval and confirmation by the Quarter Common Pleas of McKean County, to be holden at Smethport, on Monday February 8th, 1892, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where all parties are filed thereto may appear. If no exceptions are filed thereto in the meantime.

W. W. BURTON, Solicitor.

THE CLOAK SALE

STILL CONTINUES

AT

STICKNEY & RITCHIE'S.

Our Cloak Sale has been a decided success, but we still have a few left, consisting of

PLUSH ✦ SACQUES ✦ AND ✦ REEFER ✦ JACKETS,

trimmed with fur, that will be sold at manufacturers' prices. They must go, in order to make room for spring wraps.

Another shipment of Chase & Sanborn's famous

BOSTON ·:· COFFEE

just received. A perfect blend, and is bound to give the best satisfaction of any coffee on the market. Our

ENGLISH ∴ BREAKFAST ∴ TEAS

are perfect in quality. A trial of these goods will convince you they are the very best.

Our Boot and Shoe Stock

is not only complete, but you can get the best shoes at the lowest prices from us because we sell for cash only, and can sell them at a smaller margin, and we stand by every pair.

Our other departments are full of seasonable goods, and the prices positively the lowest.

Call and examine our stock

STICKNEY & RITCHIE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 20th, 1892.

MRS. T. D. NASH'S.

Call and see the new Dress Goods and the very best Calicos in the Market at five and six cents a yard at.

Listen

to plain facts about the Kabo corset. You can't break the bones—for one thing. If you do, within a year, you'll have your money back. Soft eyelets—that's another thing that can't be had with other corsets. And hear how it's sold: if you're not satisfied, after a few weeks' wear, you can return it and get your money.

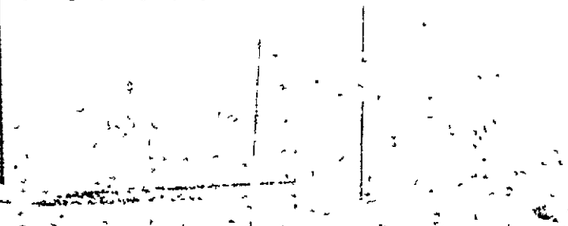
D. C. YOUNG.

They are Beauties! WHAT? Why, the new picture cards given with LION COFFEE.

For Sale or Rent.

A FARM CONTAINING 88 ACRES, IN-cluding about 35 acres timber land, with good land thereon, 2 two-story frame houses and bank barn. Good range for cattle. Apply to or address Martin Burns, 1 mile southeast township Farmers' Valley, McKean Co., Pa.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER



—— BUT THE ——

RUSH STILL CONTINUES

—— AT ——

D. C. YOUNG'S.

Reason--The People Know Where to Get Bargains All the Year 'Round.

No time to enter into details this week. Watch this space for future announcements.

D. C. YOUNG,

Smethport, Pa., Jan., 1892. Cor Main and Union Sts.

FREE POSTAL CARD
FOR SAMPLE COPY OF THE
Pittsburgh Weekly
TELEGRAPH,
$1 PER YEAR.
The Best and Cheapest
HOME PAPER PUBLISHED.
IT CONTAINS THE
LATEST NEWS
OF THE WORLD.
PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.
Weekly Chronicle-Telegraph,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CARTER'S
LIVER
CURE
SICK
HEAD
ACHE

BROWNELL BROS,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Western jobs agents of the above Suspenders.

Announce to the people of Smethport and vicinity that their stock is now complete and as brimful as many

Novelties in Every Department,

Designed for the

EVERY-DAY-TRADE.

OUR EPICUREAN DEPARTMENT is supplied with all the leading brands of Canned and Bottled Goods, including fruits, vegetables, meats, soups, etc.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT embraces all the latest fabrics in Dress Goods, White Goods, Table Linens, Damasks, &c.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT has on hand, Fine Shoes for Ladies' Misses' and Children' wear. Also Men's Youths' and Boys' Boots and Shoes of every description.

We have also in stock a full line of Hats and Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gloves and Mittens.

Groceries and Provisions and the Best Brands of Flour in the Market.

THE GREAT
ALBANY WEEKLY JOURNAL
1880.
UNITED BY THURLOW WEED
REPUBLICAN WEEKLY

CONFECTIONERY :- AND -: FRUITS!

My present stock of fine candies surpasses any heretofore shown in this section, and embraces all the finer as well as cheaper grades. Among the novelties may be mentioned

BON-BON BOXES, FINE CRYSTALIZED FRUITS,

French Mixed in 5-pound Boxes—Very Fine,

Chocolate Creams of all kinds, etc. Also a complete stock of

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts, Etc.

Everything in the line of Gents' Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, Silk Handkerchiefs too numerous to mention, Mufflers, Collars and Cuffs, and the largest line of Neckwear to be found in the city. I am headquarters for

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, Cheroot's Cases, Match Safes, in fact everything in the Smokers' line.

GOODS AND PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

GEO. A. BACKUS.

Opposite Court House, Main Street, Smethport.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

For useful and ornamental holiday presents go to the

FURNITURE AND CARPET STORE

and select a Parlor Suit, a Bedroom Suit, a Lounge, a Couch, a handsome Rocking Chair, a set of Dining Room Chairs a Picture and Easel, a Looking Glass, a Book Case, a Table, or any other article in the line of furniture. Nothing that you could buy would be more acceptable at this Christmas time.

Goods and Prices to Suit Everybody.

Furniture and Carpet Co.
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. KNAUB, Manager.

MADELINE LEBRUN.

(Continued)

One time, not knowing she had begun to lecture her aunt as soon as Monsieur Henri was out of sight, and then Mademoiselle Charmeille had stepped her, and had made a most touching confession. She told Madelaine in simple, pathetic words the love story of her position—a story which till now her niece had never suspected. Madelaine had indeed twinges of remorse as she listened to the tender little narrative; till now dear old Aunt Virginie had seemed too unattractive to be the keeping of such a romance. The girl listened with full sympathy; she had never felt so much interested. It was plain to her that Aunt Virginie's betrothed had been a hero: it was very, very sad that death had stepped in to part such a pair of lovers.

The girl wondered, while she listened, whether special qualities belonged to special features, and whether Monsieur Heart, who, according to Mademoiselle Charmeille, was the living portrait of her dead lover, possessed his heroic nature.

Since that first day it had been difficult for either aunt or niece to think of any one but Monsieur Heart, he had taken such complete possession of them both. He came to see them every evening, and before he left them he planned some delightful expedition for the next day.

One morning he persuaded them to drive to Jemigan, and they had dined at the little inn there, and driven home in the dusk beside the river. Another day they went in the Seine steamer to Havre, and visited Trouville. Today they were embarked on a much longer journey.

They had driven over to Lillebonne, and after seeing its Roman remains they were now bound for Tancarville, a pretty little village with an old castle beside the Seine. Monsieur Henri had assured them they could lodge at Tancarville, as the days were now too short for them to return to Candebec the same evening. Madelaine thought the plan delightful. It seemed to her like some happy fairy tale. When they were leaving Lillebonne, Mademoiselle Charmeille had greatly surprised Monsieur Henri.

"Do you mind exchanging places with me, monsieur? I will sit beside the driver," said the old lady; "I shall get a better view of the country."

Madelaine felt pleased: she had grown tired of her role of listener. Since that first day Monsieur Henri had talked exclusively to her aunt, answering any remark of her own as briefly as possible. Madelaine thought he was unforgiving, but then she felt sure she had been rude; she was glad of this chance of showing that she knew how to behave. Monsieur Henri looked as if he also liked the change, as he seated himself beside her, and the girl smiled back at him. She was so happy today that everything pleased her.

"Is it a long drive to Tancarville" she asked.

"About the same distance we came this morning; but you will find it pleasanter, I think; the country is so much prettier."

"It will be about the last drive we shall have," she said. "I must soon go back to Rouen."

He looked at her very earnestly.

"I suppose you will be glad to go home, will you not?"

Madelaine thought he said this a little sadly.

"Glad—oh, dear, no. I am so fond of being at Candebec with my aunt. Besides"— She hesitated, and there came a pause of silence.

"Do you mean," he said presently, "that you are happier here than you would be at Rouen?"

Madelaine gave an impulsive sigh. She longed to tell her trouble to Monsieur Heart. In these four days spent together she had seen as much of him as she would have seen in a much longer series of occasional visits. she liked him very much, though he did not seem to care about her, and she was sure that he might be trusted.

He looked at her inquiringly but expectantly her sigh should not answer him.

"That was a heavy sigh," he said at last. "it sounded as if some trouble were waiting for you at Rouen."

Madelaine darted a swift glance at him, and she saw that he was smiling.

"You say that as a joke," she said. "Suppose it happens to be real earnest? Suppose there is trouble—something horrible waiting for me when I go back to Rouen?"

There was such a pathetic approach in her dark eyes that Monsieur Henri looked grave at once.

"I am so sorry," he said; and Madelaine thought how full of sympathy his voice was. "I wish I knew the nature of this horrid thing; because I might perhaps be able to help you."

"Thank you ever so much."

She gave him a grateful glance, and Monsieur Heart thought he had never seen her look so sweet; till today he had had so little talk with her, and it was when she talked that Madelaine's face became expressive and sweet. Every moment he grew more fascinated with his companion.

"Will you not tell me?" he said.

"I should like to tell you"—she looked frankly at him, then her voice faltered and her eyes fell under his. "but I am afraid I must not, because it is not quite my own trouble—it belongs also to my parents."

"I wonder how old you are," he said. "You look very young to be so discreet."

Madelaine laughed.

"I am nineteen, but, monsieur, I think that a girl much younger than I am knows when to speak and when to hold her tongue."

He laughed.

"You must pardon my impudence remark," he said.

Why did Monsieur Heart laugh? Madelaine asked herself. She was not vexed with him, but she could not help wondering what he could find to laugh at in her words.

He was silent after this, and she, too, had lost her wish to talk: it was a new and delightful feeling to have him there beside her. She did not care how long the journey might prove; she was willing a hundred to reach Tancarville. He did not was pleased to be with her. They were very tired of the drive. She drove was to doubt that she enjoyed the long attempt at conversation with him, though the monotonous [illegible] country, consisting of [illegible] and [illegible] broke [illegible] fellow travelers.

"I see they have put on the lights above," she said. "the [illegible] we are still the [illegible] "

"About that, I [illegible] "the called to the dinner [illegible] must be tired of sitting so [illegible] said to [illegible] I had hoped [illegible] her place [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [